

JANE & JENNY GIBSON,

Mule & Mul-ier.

Cave plumas, cave piscem,
Pejus, mendax mul-ier!
Pig-et Klanem fabularum
Falsilogua sic tuarum,
Tu neceris leniter.

The Five Thousand Dollars she thought she could gain,
Was what put the devil in pig-squealing Jane;
Was what made her dream that her Jenny and she
Saw Mrs. Hall "sobbing the crab-apple tree."

Jane Gibson saw none of the things she relates;
Spied none of the actors her fancy creates;
Heard none of the sounds that her pig-polished ear
Pretended, for Five Thousand Dollars, to hear.

Jane Gibson's a humbug, a fourflushing dame,
Devoid, like the pigs that she raises, of shame;
Some night, when the dark is untouched by a star,
She's due for a Klan coat of feathers and tar.